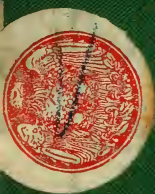


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When trade is dull, collections bad,  
And "blue" you feel and look,  
Don't take "a smile," sit down awhile,  
And con this little book.



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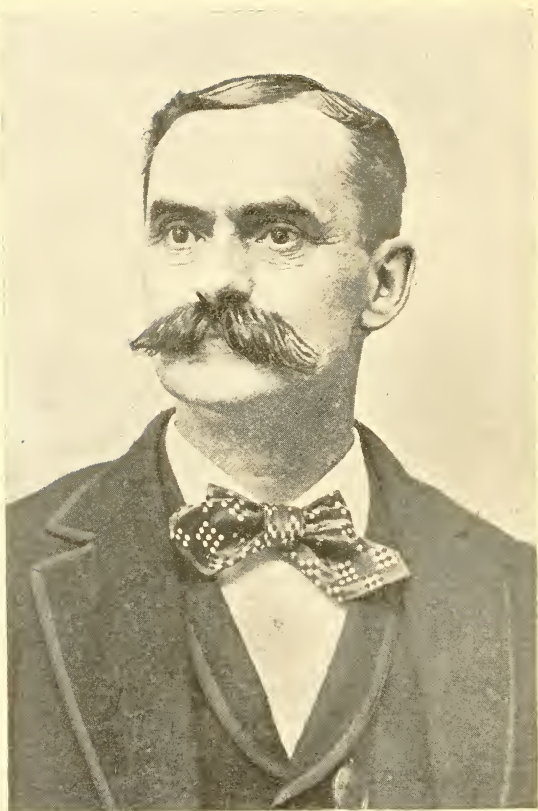








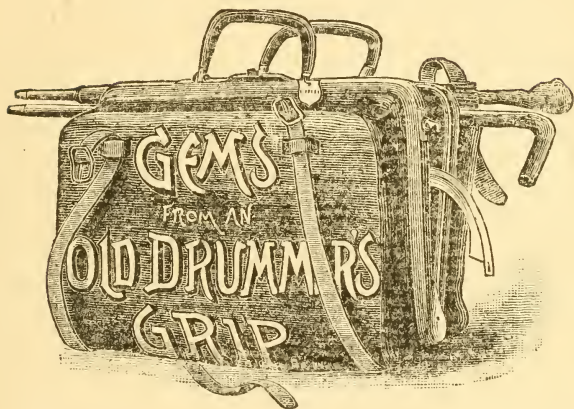




Truly Yours  
W. S. Street



*When trade is dull, collections bad  
And "blue" you feel and look,  
Don't take "a smile," sit down awhile,  
And con this little book.*



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N. R. STREETER



PUBLISHED BY THE COMPILER.  
1889.

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By N. R. STREETER.

Groton, N. Y.

Copies of this little book will be sent to any address by mail,  
postage paid, on receipt of price (Fifty Cents).

Address, N. R. STREETER, GROTON, N. Y.

## WHY THIS LITTLE BOOK WAS PUBLISHED.

---

HAVING travelled through all the States and Territories of the Union; crossed the continent by the four different routes, and tried the pleasures of the coast steamers on both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, I have formed many pleasant acquaintances with "Knights of the Grip" in different parts of the country.

And having something of a reputation as a natural reader and impersonator, I have often been called upon, in Pullman cars, hotel parlors and other places, to furnish something in the way of entertainment for the "boys." In many cases I have been asked for copies of selections which I have given, and sometimes have written copies in answer to such requests.

Through the suggestions and the assistance of friends, especially my old travelling "pard," E. S.

Hooper, and the editors of the *American Commercial Traveler*, of Chicago, "a bright newsy little paper, published in the interests of Commercial men and which should be in the hands of every man who carries the grip," I have compiled the following GEMS, which I respectfully dedicate to that great army of men known as "Drummers," of which I am proud to be considered a member.

N. R. STREETER.

GROTON, Oct. 7, 1889.

## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
What Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox Says of the	
Boys, . . . . .	9
A Letter from Home, . . . . .	10
The Drummer and His Grip, . . . . .	11
A Drummer's Constancy, . . . . .	13
The Drummer to His Grip, . . . . .	14
My Sweetheart, . . . . .	17
"Horse and Horse," . . . . .	18
The Battered Old Grip, . . . . .	20
The Drummer's Baby, . . . . .	23
The Drummer's Life, . . . . .	25
The Battered Old Grip's Lament, . . . . .	26
"When the Check is on the Kiester," . . . . .	28
The Drummer's Dream, . . . . .	30
Lamentations of the Travelling Man, . . . . .	31
"In the Gloaming," . . . . .	34

	PAGE
The Drummer, . . . . .	35
Never go Back on a Travelling Man, . . . .	36
The Rival Drummers, . . . . .	38
Der Drummer, . . . . .	40
The Toast, . . . . .	41
The Blacksmith's Story, . . . . .	44
Bill Brown, from Cohoes, . . . . .	49
The Veteran and His Grandson, . . . . .	52
Sergeant John Carter and Son, . . . . .	58
Our Folks, . . . . .	61
Bauty Tim, . . . . .	64
The Old Tools in a Frame, . . . . .	66
The Old Man and Jim, . . . . .	68
Paddy's Excelsior, . . . . .	71

*Extract from Speech made before the Louisville Commercial Club, by Ex-Gov. J. PROCTOR KNOTT.*

“I object to the term Commercial Traveller. It is too indefinite and inconclusive. Commercial ‘Evangelist’ strikes me as far more significant and appropriate, especially in view of the modern acceptation of the word.

“The Avant Courier of Christian civilization, who puts aside the endearments of home and family, and goes bravely out into the world on his Master’s work, defying discomforts, disease, danger and death.

“I hold that next to the religion of our Divine Saviour the most potential of all promoters of human civilization, is commerce.

“It ministers to our wants, multiplies our comforts, gratifies our tastes, increases our enjoyments, elevates our natures, and prepares the way for the Gospel of Peace.

“It disregards alike the heat of the tropics and the snows of the frigid zones. It dares the night and tempests of the trackless sea, it spans the raging torrent, it brushes the mountain out of the way, it changes the wilderness into a teeming field, and rears the stately palace in place of the squalid hovel. The school bell beats time to its stately march, and the church spire springs up in its pathway.

“Why should not the forerunners of an agency so beneficent be termed ‘Evangelists?’ But why not, after all, stick to the good old fashioned but suggestive word ‘Drummer.’

“Tourist traveller or evangelist may be more eupho-



nious, but I prefer 'The Drummer' to any of them. It is such a hale, hearty old word, so suggestive of energy, courage, and manhood, and it fits the mouth.

"But call them what you will, I like the craft. I have always found them a genial, whole-souled set of fellows, as well as intelligent, energetic, honorable business men.

"Do you see that fellow curled up in the car seat, fast asleep, unmindful of the roar of the train, the yells of the brakemen, the ingress and egress of passengers? He's a Drummer. He rode forty miles last night through wind and rain and mud, to make the point. *And he made it.*

"That slick young man who is helping the poor, tired looking woman with her numberless bundles and her sick baby? He's a Drummer too.

"And that bright-faced youngster who is rising to give the venerable old gentleman his seat, is a Drummer also.

"And so are those four fellows at the rear end of the car, who are amusing themselves and every one around them with their flashes of wit and humorous stories. They're all Drummers.

"The closest observers, the keenest judges of human nature, the most entertaining narrators of curious and interesting facts of any class of men in the world.

" 'All hail to the men of the satchel  
The sample, and iron-bound box.  
For they have the stuff within their skin  
That stands life's rugged knocks.' "

# G E M S

## FROM AN OLD DRUMMER'S GRIP.

---

WHAT MRS. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX  
SAYS OF THE "BOYS."

FIRST in the crowded car is he to offer—  
This "travelling man," unhonored and  
unsung—

The seat he paid for he is first to proffer  
To some lady old and wrinkled, or some woman  
fresh and young.  
Something, a trifle from his samples maybe,  
To please the fancy of the crying baby.

He lifts the window or drops the curtain  
For unaccustomed hands. He lends his case  
For a bolster for a child, not certain  
But its mamma will frown him in the face.  
So anxiously some women seek for danger  
In every courteous act of every stranger.

Well versed is he in all those ways conducive  
To comfort where least comfort can be found.

He turns the seat unasked yet unobtrusive;  
His little deeds of thoughtfulness abound.

Is glad to please you or have you please him,  
Yet takes it very calmly if you freeze him.

He smooths the Jove-like frown of the official,  
By paying the fare of one who cannot pay.

True modesty he knows from artificial,  
Will "flirt," of course, if you're inclined that way.  
And if you are, be sure that he detects you,  
And if you're not, be sure that he respects you.

The sorrows of the moving world distress him;  
He never fails to lend what aid he can.

A thousand hearts to-day have cause to bless  
him,  
This much abused, misused "commercial man."  
I do not seek to cast a halo round him,  
But speak of him precisely as I've found him.

## A LETTER FROM HOME.

THE hotel 'bus from the midnight train,  
Brought only one passenger through the rain;  
A commercial tourist, weary and sad,  
For trade had been dull and collections bad.

Not a single order was on his book,  
The disgust he felt was shown in his look;  
With a careless hand he wrote his name,  
On the page of a book unknown to fame.

The drowsy night clerk the signature scanned,  
 Then a letter placed in the drummer's hand;  
 See how he starts, what a smile of delight  
 Comes over his face at the welcome sight.

Open the envelope is quickly torn;  
 And over his face, so weary and worn,  
 Now flit, like sunbeams after a storm,  
 Smiles of joy as the message takes form.

Thus clouds of despair that will often appear  
 To the travelling man, sometimes in the year,  
 Are quickly dispelled by such simple means  
 As one friendly letter—How queer it seems!

So wives, sweethearts, brothers, and chums,  
 If you know where we'll be when Sunday comes,  
 Write us if your time will permit,  
 Draw on us at sight and we will remit—OUR  
 THANKS.

---

## THE DRUMMER AND HIS GRIP.

THOUGH the rain and sleet are falling,  
 And the roads are "awful muddy,"  
 Though all men "hard times" are bawling,  
 Though a fellow's nose gets ruddy,

Though the rivers may be frozen,  
 And the frost may bite and nip,  
 They can never stop the advent  
 Of the drummer and his grip.

Though the trains may all be smashing,  
 Though the horses all go lame,  
 The drummer, like the bedbug,  
 Will get there just the same;  
 And when his time is over,  
 Will come smiling from his trip  
 For he always "makes connection,"  
 Does the drummer with his grip.

Ah, he teaches us a lesson,  
 With his energy and grit,  
 Things that "paralyze" most people  
 Don't astonish him a bit.  
 And he's ever bright and cheerful,  
 And a smile is on his lip;  
 He's a daisy from away back,  
 Is the drummer with his grip.

Give him a kind word always,  
 He'll give you back the same;  
 For the doings of some "black sheep"  
 Don't give the whole tribe blame.  
 Far down, clear down to Hades,  
 Some so-called "good men" slip,  
 While along the road to heaven  
 Goes the drummer (with his grip).

A DRUMMER'S CONSTANCY.

BY JOHN DEWITT.

[In American Commercial Traveler.]

WHEN I reach out for my grip,  
    To begin some lengthy trip,  
I look into the eyes of my sweetheart  
    And say, "Good-by, my dear."  
    Then I kiss away each tear  
That trembles on her lashes as I start.

And I whisper, "Pet, I'll try  
To surprise you by-and-by,  
By some token that will make those bright eyes  
    shine."

    But she says, with beaming face,  
    "Ah, no gifts can take your place,  
So write to me each day, if but a line."

When a woman thus is true,  
Oh, what can we "drummers" do,  
But love the very ground they walk upon?  
    We might search the whole world wide,  
    But we'd find no girl beside  
To fill our hearts like this beloved one.

So be careful when you say  
That each "drummer," when away,  
Is sure to have a girl in every place.  
    Though he's obliged to roam,  
    The "drummer" loves his home,  
And worships his own wife's attractive face.

This is why he travels miles  
To see sunniest of smiles  
Appear upon the face of that dear wife;  
    And to get his baby's kiss,  
    Which, away, he has to miss,  
He would give the best ten years of his life.

If you doubt what I now say,  
Just you try this plan some day,  
And peep into some traveller's watch-case,  
    And there, underneath the lid,  
    You will find a picture hid;  
I'll guarantee 'twill be his wife's sweet face.

---

### THE DRUMMER TO HIS GRIP.

FULL many a weary mile, old Grip,  
    We've travelled o'er together,  
Both in sunshine and the storm—  
    In every kind of weather.



How many hours you've waited, Grip,  
Alone in some hotel,  
While I was selling piles of goods,  
Or "getting scooped" like——well.

I never was profane, old Grip,  
You never heard me swear—  
Not even when that bottle broke,  
And I'd no shirt to wear.

How often you've "held down the seat,"  
You darling, dear old Grip,  
When I went to the smoking car  
With friends to take a sn——smoke.

I've trusted you with secrets,  
Grip, in fact, you hold some now,  
Which, were they known to folks at home,  
Would raise an awful row.

You've kept my secrets well, old Grip,  
At home and "on the road,"  
Though scores and scores of times, old friend,  
You've carried a "heavy load."

You've seen me shed sad tears, old Grip,  
When no one else was nigh,  
And often tried to comfort me  
With drinks of good old rye.

We've seen some hard times, too, old Grip;—  
 Like me, you've stood abuse;  
 Sometimes, like me, you've empty been,  
 And sometimes "fuller'n a goose."

Yet, I never saw the time, Grip,  
 When you were really drunk,  
 Though oftentimes I had to "preach"  
 To our old "sample trunk."

We're gray-haired rusty chaps, old Grip,  
 And don't look very fine;  
 The ladies never notice us,  
 As when we used to shine.

You know the reason too, old Grip—  
 They know the world we've seen;  
 So they "catch on" to newer grips  
 And travelling men in green.

Oh, well, we've seen the time, Grip,  
 Whene'er we left the train,  
 It was to leave some gentle heart  
 Just fluttering with pain.

And you could tell of letters, Grip,  
 And faces, sweet and fair,  
 Which I have left, day after day  
 In your most sacred care.

Well, we are aged now, old Grip—  
 I'm forty-nine, you're seven;  
 Soon you'll be laid upon the shelf,  
 I—sailing off toward heaven.

But we will stick together, Grip,  
 The longest that we can,  
 For, next to wife, there is no friend  
 Like Grip to a travelling man.

---

## MY SWEETHEART.

BY JOHN DEWITT.

[In American Commercial Traveler.]

A LITTLE tot, with dark brown eyes,  
 Waits at my chamber door,  
 And says, "Why did you stay so long?"  
 You promised to come before.  
 I waited for you most 'free' days,  
 For I knew that you would come,  
 And bring me, in your sample case  
 Chocolate and chewing gum.

"I've nursed my dolly awful long,  
 And played with all my toys;  
 I got so tired I most fell asleep  
 Playing with some boys.

Little girls like me can't wait  
 So long for their papa to come;  
 You must tell your trade to hurry up,  
 Your best girl waits at home.

"Just take me with you for one trip,  
 I'll not be in the way;  
 I'll promise to keep awful still  
 When your samples you display.  
 At night I'll sleep close by you,  
 With my arms around your neck,  
 And I'll help you write your letters,  
 And in Ma's will send a check."

God bless these little children,  
 How they rule us with their sway,  
 And they make us mighty homesick,  
 When we're many miles away.  
 But when our trip is over,  
 And they meet us at the door,  
 These kind of "sweethearts" are the style  
 We "drummers" do adore.

---

### "HORSE AND HORSE."

I'D been on a trip ten months (about that)  
 When I returned to find my Mary true.  
 And though I questioned her, I doubted not,  
 'Twas unnecessary so to do.

'Twas in the chimney corner, we were sitting.

"Mary," said I, "have you been always true?"

"Well frankly," she said, just pausing in her knitting

"I don't think I've unfaithful been to you,  
But since you've been gone I'll tell you what  
I've done, then say if I've been true or not.

"When first you went away, my grief was uncontrollable,

Alone I moaned my miserable lot;  
My friends all thought me inconsolable,  
Till Captain Clifford came from Aldershot.  
To flirt with him amused me while 'twas new—  
But I don't count that unfaithfulness, do you?

"Charles Augustus Henderson lent me his horse;  
My! how we rode and raced.

We scoured the downs, we rode to hounds,  
And often was his arm around my waist,  
That was to help me up or down; but who  
Would count that unfaithfulness, do you?

"Next, young Frankie Pippis, just twenty-one.

We met at uncle's; 'twas at Christmas tide,  
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet lips,  
He gave me his first kiss. (Here she sighed.)  
We were six weeks at uncle's—my! how time  
flew!—

But I don't count that unfaithfulness, do you?

"You know Reggy Vere. My! how he sings!

We met, 'twas at a picnic; ah, such weather.  
And see, he gave me the first of these two rings,  
When we were lost in Clifton's woods together.  
What jolly times we had together, we two—  
But I don't count that unfaithfulness, do you?

"And see, I have another ring. This plain gold  
band that's shining here."

I took her hand, "Mary," said I, "can it be that  
you—"

Quoth she, "That I am Mrs. Vere.

I don't count that unfaithfulness, do you? "

"N-o," I replied, "for I'm married too."

## THE BATTERED OLD GRIP.

C. E. BANKS.

[In American Commercial Traveler.]

AH yes! it is faded and ragged and worn;  
One handle almost, one entirely, gone;  
The erst shining lock all tarnished and scaled,  
The key long since lost, and every clasp failed;  
The sides falling inward in gaunt, hungry way,  
And open-mouthed corners, as waiting for prey;  
But incidents many, all fleet-footed, trip  
Through my mind, at the sight of this batter'd  
old grip.

How often, preparing to start on my route,  
 I have taken it down, and, dusting it out,  
 Spread it wide at my feet, with its back to the  
 floor,

Wond'ring meanwhile if 'twould hold all my  
 things as before.

Ah! many's the friend a man tries, but to find  
 Him holding far less in his heart than his mind;  
 But here's a companion ne'er gave me the slip—  
 Always faithful and willing—my batter'd old grip.

First, a half dozen shirts seem to fill up each side,  
 Yet 'kerchiefs a dozen, scarfs tied and untied,  
 Collars, cuffs, underwear, pipe, tobacco and  
 gloves—

A score of small knickknacks fit into the grooves;  
 A clothes brush, pomade, a picture or two  
 Of a dear Hampshire lass, to look at when blue,  
 And perhaps a small phial containing a "nip,"  
 All snugly packed into the batter'd old "grip."

The great ocean steamers with cabin and hold,  
 Hang the sign out at last "no more here en-  
 rolled;"

The street car—capacity something immense—  
 Refuses at last a place for your pence;  
 E'n the venerable stage, despite legend and lore,  
 Has been known to decline the "room for one  
 more;"



But surely a lie must mantle the lip  
Of him who would say, "no more room in this  
grip"?

And down as I gaze, sweet memories drift  
Through the channels of thought, and its worn  
form I lift

With a reverent touch, and think, with a sigh,  
Of the thousand dear things in the long since  
gone by

That have lain in its pockets, and hid in its  
depths—

A mother's kind letters, teaching good, true pre-  
cepts;

And others, with tokens from maiden's pure lip,  
Read over and over, held place in the "grip."

To-day I am thirty and four, yet I feel  
All those feelings of youth and love o'er me steal  
As I gaze at its dingy old covers and think  
In my first manhood days, how I stood on the  
brink

Of life's speeding river and dreamed of and  
plann'd

A home just the neatest and best in the land,  
Where a sweet face would greet me returned from  
each trip

With a welcome and smile for myself and the  
"grip."

God bless every stitch in the shrunken old hide,  
 That has floated me over life's changing tide  
 To this island of peace, which I now so enjoy  
 With my dear loving wife, my girl and my boy;  
 God bless it, I say, in palace or cot,  
 In wealth or in poverty, whate'er my lot,  
 Though stern fate should from me all other gifts  
     strip,  
 I'll cling to you ever, dear batter'd old "grip."

---

### THE DRUMMER'S BABY.

"BIG time to-night," the drummers said,  
     As to supper they sat down;  
 "To-morrow's Sunday, and now's our chance  
     To illuminate the town."

"Good!" cries Bill Barnes, the jolliest—  
     The favorite of all;  
 "Yes; let's forget our trouble now  
     And hold high carnival."

The supper done, the mail arrives;  
     Each man his letters scanning,  
 With fresh quotations—up or down—  
     His busy brain is cramming.

But Bill—why, what's come over him—  
     Why turned so quick about!  
 He says, just as his pards start forth;  
     "I guess I won't go out."

His letter bore no written word,  
     No prayer from vice to flee;  
 Only the tracing of a hand—  
     A baby hand—of three.

What picture comes before his mind—  
     What does his memory paint?  
 A baby at her mother's knee—  
     His little white-robed saint.

What cares a man for ridicule  
     Who wins a victory grand?  
 Bill slept in peace, his brow was smoothed  
     By a shadowy little hand.

Naught like the weak things of this world  
     The power of sin withstands;  
 No shield between man's soul and wrong  
     Like a little baby hand.

## THE DRUMMER'S LIFE.

C. E. BANKS.

[In American Commercial Traveler.]

ONE came in the morning, with eager eye  
 The register scann'd, then quickly sought  
 The merchant out, induced him to buy,  
 And his book was soon with an order fraught.  
 So the drummer comes and the drummer goes,  
 And his heart with joy is ready to burst.  
 He reckes not, he, his competitors' woes  
 But hugs himself that he got there first.

One came in the evening, with hopeful air,  
 And spread his samples in a hurried way,  
 But left full soon, bowed down with care—  
 The "other fellow" had passed that day.  
 So the drummer comes and the drummer goes,  
 And the days are bright and the days are sad,  
 Yet cheerful always, and no one knows  
 Why the heart is sore of the drummer lad.

They met ere a month was scarcely passed,  
 And hand clasped hand in firm, true grip,  
 And "brother" and "brother" to each was cast  
 From beaming eye and speaking lip.  
 So the drummer comes and the drummer goes,  
 And his hand is ready, his heart is brave,  
 To buffet life's evils with sturdy blows,  
 Till he takes his last order and fills—a grave.

## THE BATTERED OLD GRIP'S LAMENT.

C. E. BANKS.

[In American Commercial Traveler.]

YES, I'm an old gripsack worn out in the race;  
     A newer and brighter has taken my place;  
 High up 'neath the rafters contemptuously cast,  
 Neglected, to dream of a glorious past;  
 No comrade to share my lone exile, ah me!  
 I who have travelled by land and by sea,  
 In my old age forsaken 'mongst cobwebs and dust,  
 Slowly falling to pieces from disuse and rust.

It is gloomy enough, I assure you, up here  
 In this grim, dreary place and oft-times a fear  
 That I never shall see the bright sunlight again  
 Stirs my shrunken old sides with a wearisome pain;  
 I deserve something better than rust and mildew—  
 To my trust I always was faithful and true—  
 And they surely could spare an old servant a nook  
 Where life had something of cheer in its look.

Oh! the pathway of life, lay it out as we may,  
 A word or a breath may change in a day!  
 And, now that I'm broken by service and age,  
 I'm tossed like a vagabond into this cage—  
 Like a storm-beaten ship cast up on the strand—  
 'Tis the way of the world, and fate's cruel hand  
 Has little of pity; our usefulness past,  
 We are all laid aside and forgotten at last.

My master has now all the comforts of life,  
 A neat cheerful home, a sweet loving wife,  
 Bright, rosy-cheeked children to comfort his cheer,  
 A bank account growing from year to year;  
 And when the kind darkness has driven away  
 The shadows that mock my poor semblance of day,  
 And their concerted voices float up to my den  
 In laughter and song, I am happy again.

Sometimes, but not often, two pairs of small feet  
 Bring two little figures my prison to greet,  
 And two little faces make sunshine of gloom,  
 And two merry voices make joy in the room;  
 And oft in their play, with frolic and shout,  
 They toss my batter'd, worn figure about.  
 Oh, may they ne'er suffer the heart-aches and  
                   stings  
 The sorrows and woes which adversity brings.

Thus day after day I lie here and dream,  
 While drift the dull years down Time's sluggish  
                   stream,  
 Calling up the dear pictures of days "on the  
                   road,"  
 When trouble and care was a feather-weight load.  
 The engine's shrill whistle strikes sharp on my ear,  
 The bluff, hearty greetings of "brothers," I hear;  
 I dream and awake to my desolate lot,  
 To feel that I was, and know I am not.

Oh, ye who successfully 'counter life's ills,  
 And mount to the summit of fortune-kissed hills,  
 While plenty surrounds you and pleasures o'er-  
     load,  
 Remember the weaker ones passed on the road,  
 And if there's a brother in trouble to-day,  
 Who neglected himself to help you on your way,  
 Help him out—who can tell but your own feet  
     may slip—  
 Just think of the face of the batter'd old grip.

---

“WHEN THE CHECK IS ON THE  
 KIESTER.”

WHEN the check is on the kiester and the  
     price book put away,  
 And the drummer turneth homeward at the clos-  
     ing of the day,  
 Then it is that dimpled fingers make odd stains  
     upon the glass,  
 And little eyes are peeping at the people as they  
     pass,  
 Waiting for papa's coming, and wondering why  
     he stays,  
 “I'm coming certain, Friday,” is what his postal  
     says;  
 But “his coming certain, Friday” often means  
     the following day,



When the check is on the kiester and the price  
book put away  
There is much of joy and promise in the coming  
of the day,  
When the kiester and the price book are forever  
put away.

Of course he'll miss the hasheries and welcome  
"come agin,"  
And the diamond-shirted clerk, and the bugs that  
dwell therein;  
But there's something compensating in three  
square meals a day,  
Prepared by hands of loved ones in the good old-  
fashioned way,  
And the smile that always greets him at the clos-  
ing of the day,  
When the check is on the kiester and the price  
book put away.

The rattle, noisy clatter of the dusty railway  
train,  
And the dirt roads and the turnpikes he'll ne'er  
go o'er again;  
Combination prices and bar of the hotel  
Are remembered now with pleasure for the goods  
they helped to sell;  
And the "kicker" and the grumblers are with the  
"chronics" classed,

And are only now remembered as vexations of the  
     past;  
 And oh, his heart is joyful as the brightest sunlit  
     day,  
 For the check is on the kiester and the price  
     book's put away.

---

### THE DRUMMER'S DREAM.

A little room in a little hotel,  
     In a little country town;  
 On a little bed with a musty smell,  
     A man was lying down.

A great big man with a great big snore—  
     For he lay on his back, you see—  
 And a peaceful look on his face he wore,  
     For sound asleep was he.

In his dreams what marvellous trips he made,  
     What heaps of stuff he sold!  
 And nobody failed and everybody paid,  
     And his orders were good as gold.

He smiled and smothered a scornful laugh,  
     When his fellow-drummers blowed;  
 For he knew no other had sold the half  
     Of what his order-book showed.

He got his letter from home one day:

“Dear Sir—we’ve no fitter term

To use in your case than simply to say:

Henceforth you are one of the firm.”

And a glorious change it made in his life,

He now from the road withdrew;

And really soon got to know his wife

His son, and his daughters too.

But with a thump — bang-whang — thump-bang  
again

The “boots” had knocked at the door;

“It’s very near time for the 5:10 train,”

And the “Drummer’s Dream” was o’er.

## LAMENTATIONS OF THE TRAVELLING MAN.

BY AN OLD DRUMMER.

YOU who envy the travelling man’s life,  
And fondly imagine it free from all strife,  
Just take out some samples for one short trip,  
And if not very pious, an oath you’ll let slip.

You arrive at the town, in the evening, quite late,  
“The good rooms are all taken” such is your fate.  
The supper is cold, and not fit to eat,  
And the beds, well for hardness they could not be  
beat.

You arise in the morning, quite unrefreshed,  
 You swallow your breakfast, and then go in quest  
 Of a merchant who lives at the end of the town.  
 And you learn, from his house he has not yet  
     come down.

Your samples you place by the side of the door,  
 And fondly imagine an order in store.  
 But after long waiting he comes only to say,  
 "There's nothing I'm needing in your line to-  
     day."

You may draw your argument down very fine,  
 And expatiate on your "very fine line,"  
 But the magic quickly goes out of your lore  
 When you learn a competitor's just been there  
     before.

Your customer may be a man of the kind,  
 That by talking, and talking, and talking him  
     blind,

You may get an order, although very small,  
 It helps pay expenses, and that's about all.

Perhaps a twenty-mile ride you have had,  
 Over roads that were hilly and terribly bad,  
 But your courage goes up, when he invites you to  
     call,  
 And he'll "Probably want some goods in the fall."

You go to the depot, the next train to get,  
 'Tis four hours late, there's no use to fret.

You take out a cigar to have a good smoke,  
When you feel in your ribs, the station man's poke.

"No smoking allowed here, don't you see the  
sign."

And even that comfort, there, we're forced to  
resign.

Then out on the platform we plod on and plod,  
And envy the man that carries the hod.

Our employers expect us to sell lots of goods,  
In towns that are lonely and far in the woods.  
We travel on freight trains, we drive in a hurry,  
Expenses foot up and we get in a flurry;

Our samples are heavy, the charges are high,  
We have no redress, the money must fly,  
An itemized expense account they always expect,  
And if it runs light, they're *sure* its correct.

Now if you merchants who sit in the store,  
And consider the travelling man always a bore,  
Would think the situation o'er for a while,  
When he enters your door, he would meet with a  
smile.

They keep you well posted, and you certainly can  
Buy your goods best of the travelling man.  
Don't send then away with a frown or a jeer,  
And your balance will please you at the end of the  
year.

And you who send out the travelling men,  
 Encourage them, if only by the scratch of a pen,  
 They'll render good service, will work with their  
                   might,  
 If they feel that the "House" is treating them  
                   "white."

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### "IN THE GLOAMING."

NOTE.—If any of the "boys," who read this little book, have ever taken a trip by steamer, from Portland, Ore., to San Francisco, Cal., they will appreciate the following parody on "In the Gloaming," said to have been written by a daughter of Bret Harte.

ON the steamer, Oh! my darling,  
       When the fog horns screech and blow,  
 And you hear the steward's foot steps  
       Softly come and softly go.  
 When the passengers are groaning,  
       With a nameless, unknown woe,  
 Don't you think it better, darling,  
       You and I should go below?

In the cabin, Oh! my darling,  
       Think not bitterly of me,  
 Though I rushed away and left you,  
       In the middle of our tea.  
 I was seized with sudden longing  
       To behold the deep, blue sea.  
 It was best that I should leave, dear,  
       Best for you, and best for me.

## THE DRUMMER.

CONTRIBUTED BY LAFE HEIDELL,

Rochester, N. Y.

THERE'S nothing like a drummer when he's  
out upon the road,  
And the season's one long summer with a sun that  
never glowed  
In brighter colors in the tropics, when the world  
is painted red,  
And the pumpkins in the dew drop, and the dew  
drop's in his head.

There is no other fellow that is such a prince as he,  
When he's just a little "mellow" and as  
"chummy" as can be.

Then he tells of how old Moses took his account  
of stock  
And got hosiery written "hoses" when the rye  
was on the rock.

No, there isn't any fellow that can sing a jollier  
song  
When he's just a trifle "mellow" and the nights  
are growing long  
Than the drum, drum, drum, drum, drummer  
when he does his level best,  
When the moon shines on the pumpkin, and the  
pumpkin's way out west.

Yet he has his serious moments, does this hardy  
                   son of toil,  
 And he always has a fancy for the rare side of the  
                   broil,  
 He sides with the under dog if the whelp is not a  
                   cur,  
 And he always knows a hog, by the color of his fur.

---

# NEVER GO BACK ON A TRAVELLING MAN.

BY ROBERT LOVELL.

O H, pity, kind gentlefolks, friends of human-  
                   ity,  
 Sympathy's scarce, since the world first began,  
 And did you but know it, you ought to bestow it  
 If ever you did, on the travelling man.  
 You may call us all "runners," "guerillas" or  
                   "bummers"  
 And agents or "drummers" or what else you can;  
 But you'll always regret it, and don't you forget it,  
 If you ever go back on the travelling man.

Right here, I make mention, 'tis not my intention  
 To shield the wrong doing of some erring "pard."  
 If he don't use discretion, some foolish transgres-  
                   sion  
 Will drop his name off from the firm's business  
                   card.



No use in dissenting, he'll quit representing  
 The house that he has so disgracefully served;  
 No longer the trade that he formerly made  
 Will keep, for his coming, their orders reserved.

There is no use disguising the fact, though sur-  
 prising,

That of trials and troubles the "boys" have their  
 load;

Our life would be dreary, indeed we'd get weary,  
 Did we not have our fun while we're out on the  
 road.

There is one thing quite certain, you charge us  
 with flirtin'

With all the gay lasses we happen to meet,  
 When even the preachers adore the dear creatures.  
 Don't you think they'd all better be kept off the  
 street?

Ask conductors or train men, livery or dray men,  
 Or the two-dollar a day men, who sell us our hash,  
 Just ask them quite plainly, on whom they count  
 mainly,

For the root of all evil, but best known as cash,  
 And they all to a man, sir, will give you this an-  
 swer,

"We generally try to make all that we can;  
 But of all of our patrons, the 'drummers' are fat  
 ones

And our profits all come from the travelling man."

In closing this ditty, we don't crave your pity,  
 We ask your good will which we hope ne'er to lack,  
 Remember us kindly, don't slander us blindly,  
 For in sixty days more we'll be 'round on your  
                   track.

To the trade, one and all, big dealers and small,  
 And we mean what we say when we make the re-  
                   quest,

If your credit's "O. K." and you're able to pay,  
 Reserve us big orders—that suits us the best.

---

### THE RIVAL DRUMMERS.

IT was two rival drummers,  
     The merits they did blow  
 Of safes were in St. Louis made  
     And safes from Chicago.

They chanced upon a merchant  
     Who fain a safe would buy,  
 And in the praise of their houses' wares  
     The drummers twain did vie,  
 Each striving to see which could construct  
     The most colossal lie.

Out spake the St. Louis drummer,  
     "Once a man a cat did take,  
 And locked the animal in a safe  
     Of our superior make.

"They made a bonfire round the safe  
 With tar and kerosene,  
 And for four-and-twenty hours it blazed  
 With raging heat, I ween.

"The fire went out, the safe was cooled,  
 And I will forfeit five  
 Hundred good dollars if that cat  
 Did not come out alive."

Then mild upspake and answered him  
 The Chicago safe-agent:  
 "With our safe one day we did essay  
 The same experiment.

"We placed the safe selected on  
 Of coals a fiery bed,  
 And pitch pine we heaped in coal-oil steeped  
 Till the iron glowed bright red;  
 And in forty-eight hours we ope'd the safe  
 And, alas! the cat was dead!"

"Was dead? Aha!" his rival cried,  
 With a triumphant breath;  
 But the Chicago man replied:  
 "Yes; the cat was frozen to death!"

No word that St. Louis drummer spoke,  
 But silent stood and wan,  
 While the Kansas merchant an order gave  
 To the Chicago man.

# DER DRUMMER.

WHO puts oup at der pest hotel,  
     Und dakes his oysders on der schell,  
 Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell?  
                     Der drummer.

Who vash it gomes indo mine schtore,  
 Drows down his pundles on der vloor,  
 Und nefer schtops to shut der door?  
                     Der drummer

Who dakes me py der handt und say:  
 "Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"  
 Und goes for peesness rightdt away?  
                     Der drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,  
 Und dells me "look, und see how nice?"  
 Und says I gets "der bottom price?"  
                     Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine—  
 "Vrom Sharmany, ubon der Rhine"—  
 Und sheats me den times oudt of nine?  
                     Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goots vas bought,  
 Mooch less as vot I gould imbort,  
 But lets dem go, as he vas "short?"  
                     Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit  
 Der gustomers ubon his route,  
 And ven dey gomes dey vas no goot?  
 Der drummer.

Who gomes around ven I been oudt,  
 Drinks oup mine bier, und eats mine kraut,  
 Und kiss Katrina in der mout?  
 Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,  
 Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,  
 Und mit a plack eye goes away?  
 Der drummer.

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### THE TOAST.

COULD I sip of the nectar, the gods only can,  
 I would fill up the glass to the brim.  
 And drink success to the "travelling man"  
 And the house represented by him.

And could I but tincture the glorious draught  
 With his smiles, as I drink to him then,  
 With the laughs he has laughed, and the jokes he  
 has told,  
 I would fill up the goblet again.

I would drink to the sweetheart that bade him  
good-bye

With a tenderness thrilling in bliss;  
Ah, he thinks of her now, as his heart heaves a  
sigh,  
Remembering the sweets of the kiss.

To the purest of hearts and fairest of hands  
I would drink with my hopes and my prayers  
For the one she must trust, is a "travelling  
man"  
Who will share all her joy and her cares.

I would drink to the wife with the babe at her  
knee,  
Who awaits his return, bye and bye  
Who opens his letters so tremulously,  
And reads while the tears fill her eye.

I would quaff to the feeble old mother  
Who sits by the fireside alone,  
And murmurs and weeps, o'er the stocking she  
knits  
While she thinks of her wandering son.

I would drink long life and health to the friend  
Who greets him with many a cheer,  
To the generous hand the stranger extends  
To the sojourner wandering here.

And when he quits this earthly abode,  
And has paid the last fare that he can,  
Mine Host of the Inn at the end of the road,  
Will welcome the "travelling man."

## G. A. R. GEMS.

[Several Drummers, who are also members of the G. A. R., have requested that I include in this little volume a few selections which they have heard me give at their camp fires, and in compliance with such request I have added the following war poems and miscellaneous pieces, which I hope will touch a tender chord in the hearts of the brave old boys.—N. R. S.]

### THE BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

FRANK OLIVE.

WELL, no! my wife ain't dead, sir, but I lost  
her just the same.  
She left me voluntarily, and neither was to blame.  
It's rather a queer story, but I think that you'll  
agree,  
When you've heard the circumstances, it was  
rather rough on me.  
She was a soldier's widow, he was killed at Mal-  
vern Hill,  
And after I had married her, she seemed to sorrow  
for him still.  
But I brought her here to Kansas, and I never  
want to see  
A better wife than Mary was for five bright years  
to me.



A change of scene brought cheerfulness, and soon  
arose a glow

Of happiness, warmed Mary's cheeks and melted  
all their snow.

And I think she loved me some, that I'm bound  
to think, sir;

And as for me, I can't begin to tell how much I  
loved her.

Three years ago the baby came, our humble home  
to bless,

And then I reckon I was nigh to perfect happi-  
ness.

'Twas hers, 'twas mine, but I can't explain to you  
How that little girl's weak fingers our hearts to-  
gether drew.

Once we watched it through a fever, and with  
each gasping breath

Dumb with an awful, nameless woe, we waited for  
its death.

And though I'm not a pious man, our hearts to-  
gether there

For Heaven to spare our darling one, went up in  
voiceless prayer.

And when the doctor said 'twould live what words  
our joy could tell.

Clasped in each other's arms, our grateful tears  
together fell.

So you see the shadows sometimes fell across our  
little nest,

But it only made the sunshine seem a doubly  
welcome guest.

Work came to me a plenty, and I kept the anvil  
ringing,

Early and late, you'd find me there a humming  
and a singing,

Love moved my arm to labor, and moved my  
tongue to song,

And though my singing wasn't sweet, it was  
tremendous strong.

One day a one-armed stranger stopped to have me  
nail a shoe,

And while at work for him we passed a compli-  
ment or two.

I asked him how he lost his arm, he said 'twas  
shot away

At Malvern Hill. At Malvern Hill! did you  
know Robert May?

That's me. You! You! I cried, choking with hor-  
rid doubt,

If you're the man just follow me, we'll try this  
mystery out.

With dizzy steps I led him in to Mary. God!  
'twas true,

Then the bitterest pangs of misery, unspeakable  
I knew.

Frozen with deadly horror she stared with eyes of  
stone

And from her quivering lips there broke one wild  
despairing moan.

'Twas he, the husband of her youth, now risen  
from the dead,

But all too late, and with a cry her shattered  
senses fled.

What could be done? He was reported dead.  
On his return

He strove in vain some tidings of his absent wife  
to learn.

'Twas well that he was innocent, else I'd have  
killed him, too,

So dead he never would have riz 'till Gabriel's  
trumpet blew.

It was agreed then that Mary between us should  
decide,

And each by her decision would sacredly abide.

No sinner at the judgment seat waiting eternal  
doom

Could suffer what I did, waiting sentence in that  
room.

Rigid and breathless there we stood, with nerves  
as tense as steel,

While Mary's eyes sought each face in piteous ap-  
peal.

God, could not a woman's duty be less hardly rec-  
onciled

Between her lawful husband and the father of  
her child?

But how my heart was chilled to ice, when Mary  
knelt and said,

“Forgive me, John, he is my husband, here alive,  
not dead.”

I raised her up tenderly, and tried to tell her she  
was right,

But somehow in my aching heart the prisoned  
words stuck tight.

“But, John, I can't leave baby.” What wife and  
child, cried I,

Must I yield all, Ah! cruel fate, better that I  
should die.

Think of the long, sad, lonely hours, waiting in  
gloom for me,

No wife to cheer me with her love, no babe to  
climb my knee.

And yet you are her mother, and the sacred  
mother love

Is still the purest, tenderest tie that Heaven ever  
wove.

Take her, but promise, Mary, for that will bring  
no shame,

My little girl shall bear, and learn to lisp her  
father's name.

It may be in the life to come, I'll meet my child  
and wife,

But yonder at that cottage gate, we parted for  
this life.

One long hand-clasp from Mary, and my dream  
of love was done,

One long embrace from baby, and my happiness  
was gone.

## BILL BROWN, FROM COHOES.

JOSEPH DE BARTHE.

YES, stranger, I'm bu'sted. The circus went  
up,  
An' I'm trampin' back home. Will I what—take  
a sup?  
Well, I'd smile! You're a stunner! From—thun-  
der! Cohoes?  
Why, shake. You might know that I wouldn't  
refuse.  
From Cohoes! Well, I'm stabbed! An' you know  
Billy Brown  
An' the rest of the fellows that hail from that  
town?  
Yes, Bill Brown, my old pardner; a mighty fine  
lad!  
What, bu'sted agin? Well, I swow, that's too bad.  
He wasn't no cherub, was William, but then  
He was always a royal good man among men.  
He was quick with his hands an' hasty in speech,  
Was lightnin' in kickin' an' long in his reach,  
But down far beneath the old jumper he wore  
Beat a heart that was honest an' true to the core!  
An' I'll never forget—my regards. Ah! that cup  
Seems to warm my old heart. I don't mind—fill  
'em up!

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It was out in Ohio. The war had just closed,  
 An' a good many men as was brothers with those  
 Who pulled down the old flag to set up the new,  
 An' who fought in the gray 'gainst the others in  
                   blue,

Had turned their eyes West, an' were ploddin'  
                   their way

Wherever God's mercy allowed them to stay.

It's not that I'm down on Ohio at all

I'm tellin' this story. I want to recall

How one soldier who fought for the cause that  
                   was won

Stood up like a man for a perishing son

Of the cause that was lost. How I lov'd his good  
                   will!

I worshipped him then, an' I worship him still.

But, on with the story. It happened this wise:

One day in the habit he couldn't disguise

There came to a town in Ohio a man

Who had wasted his strength in the war that  
                   began

With the storming of Sumter. Hungry an' poor,

He asked for a crust at a wealthy man's door,

An' told them his story. Then up went the cry!

"He ought to be lynched!" and a crowd gathered  
                   by.

An' into that crowd like a bullet there shot

A form that the rebel has never forgot;

An' he gazed for a moment about him, an' then

Cried out in a ringin' voice: "Shame on ye, men!  
Would you harm a poor devil because he went  
wrong?"

An' a broad-shouldered teamster who stood in the  
throng

Yelled forth: "He's a rebel, an' fought 'gainst the  
flag;

Pulled down the barr'd banner an' raised up a  
rag!"

Bill halted him then, an', said he with a frown:

"That's a thing of the past, for the war's been put  
down!"

But the crowd were all mad an' wouldn't keep  
still,

An' they swore they would tear the blue clothes  
off of Bill

If he didn't move on, or ventured to speak

Again in defence of a low Southern sneak.

That's all as was needed to stir up Bill Brown!

I'll bet if an earthquake had scooped in the town

It wouldn't have scattered them anywhere near

As much as Bill's fisticuffs filled them with fear:

For, you see, the blue suit they had threaten'd to  
tear

Was the very one Bill had fought in "down there;"

An' he did up that gang in a real han'some way—

As easy as lightnin', as if 'twas but play,

Then he put out his hand and he said: "Come  
with me."

An' we went. For 'twas I was the reb—do you see?

An' *he* thinks I'm older an' blinder, you say?

An' *you're* laughin'! Great caravan! Gol durn my shoes,

If it isn't—yes, bless me—Bill Brown—from Cohoes!

## THE VETERAN AND HIS GRANDSON.

BY J. W. CRAWFORD (CAPT. JACK).

Dedicated to Corporal James Tanner.

**H**OLD on! Hold on! My goodness! You take my breath, my son,

A firin' questions 't me like shots from a Gatlin gun.

Why do I wear this eagle an' flag an' brazen star?  
An' why do my old eyes glisten when somebody mentions war?

An' why do I call men "Comrade?" an' why do my eyes grow bright

When you hear me tell your gran'ma I'm goin' to Post to-night?

Come here, you inquisitive rascal, and set on your grandpa's knee,

An' I'll try to answer the broadsides you've been a-firin' at me.



Away back in the sixties, and along afore you  
were born,  
The news came a-flashin' to us one bright and  
sunny morn,  
That some of our Southern brothers, a-thinkin' no  
doubt 'twas right,  
Had trailed their guns on our banner, an' opened  
a nasty fight.  
The great big guns war a boomin', an' the shot  
flyin' thick and fast,  
And troops all over the Southland war rapidly  
bein' massed:  
An' a thrill went through the nation—a fear that  
our glorious land  
Might be split an' divided an' ruined by mistaken  
brothers' hand.

Lord, but wan't there excitement, an' didn't the  
boys' eyes flash?  
An' didn't we curse our brothers for bein' so  
foolish an' rash?  
An' didn't we raise the neighbors with loud and  
continued cheers  
When Abe sent out a dockymment a-callin' for vol-  
unteers?  
An' didn't we flock to the colors when the drums  
began to beat,  
An' didn't we march with proud steps along the  
village street?

An' didn't the people cheer us when we got  
     aboard the cars  
 With the flag a-wavin' o'er us, and went away to  
     the wars?

I'll never forget your gran'ma as she stood out-  
     side o' the train,  
 Her face as white as a snowdrift, her tears a-fallin'  
     like rain.  
 She stood there quiet and death-like, 'mid all o'  
     the rush and noise,  
 For the war war a-takin' from her, her husband  
     and three brave boys—Bill,  
 Charley, and little Tonimy—just turned eighteen,  
     but as true  
 An' gallant a little soldier as ever wore the blue.  
 It seemed almost like murder for to tear her poor  
     heart so,  
 But your gran'dad couldn't st y, baby, an' the  
     boys war determined to go.

The evenin' afore we started she called the boys  
     to her side,  
 An' told 'em as how they war always their mother's  
     joy and pride,  
 An' though her soul was in torture, an' her poor  
     heart bleedin' an' sore,  
 An' though she needed her darlings, their country  
     needed 'em more.

She told 'em to do their duty wharever their feet  
 might roam,  
 An' to never forgit in battle their mother was  
 prayin' at home;  
 An' if (an' the tears near choked her) they should  
 fall in front o' the foe,  
 She'd go to the blessed Saviour and ax him to  
 lighten the blow.

Bill lays an' awaits the summons 'neath Spottsyl-  
 vania's sod.  
 An' on the field of Antietam Charlie's spirit went  
 back to God;  
 An' Tommy, our baby Tommy, we buried one star-  
 lit night  
 Along with his fallen comrades just after the  
 Wilderness fight.  
 The lightning struck our family tree, and stripped  
 it of every limb,  
 A-leavin' only this bare old trunk a-standin' alone  
 and grim.  
 My boy, that's why your grandma, when you kneel  
 to the God you love,  
 Makes you ax Him to watch your uncles an' make  
 'em happy above.

That's why you sometimes see her with tear-drop  
 in her eyes,  
 That's why you sometimes catch her a tryin' to  
 hide her sighs;

That's why at our great reunions, she looks so  
solemn an' sad;  
That's why her heart seems a-breakin' when the  
boys are jolly and glad;  
That's why you sometimes find her in the bed-  
room overhead,  
Down on her knees a-prayin', with their pictures  
laid out on the bed;  
That's why the old-time brightness will light up  
her face no more,  
Till she meets her hero warriors in the camp on  
the other shore.

An' when the great war was over, back came the  
veterans true,  
With not one star a-missin' from the azure field  
of blue;  
An' the boys, who on the field o' battle had stood  
the fiery test,  
Formed Posts o' the great Grand Army in the  
North, South, East, and the West.  
Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty, is the motto 'neath  
which they train—  
Their object to care for the helpless an' banish  
sorrow an' pain  
From the homes of the widows an' orphans o' the  
boys who have gone before,  
To answer their names at roll-call in the great  
Grand Army Corps.

An' that's why we wear these badges, the eagle an'  
the flag an' star,  
Worn only by veteran heroes who fought in that  
bloody war,  
An' that's why my old eyes glisten while talkin'  
about the fray.  
An' that's why I call men "Comrade" when I  
meet 'em every day;  
An' that's why I tell your grandma "I'm going to  
Post to-night."  
For there's where I meet the old boys who stood  
with me in the fight,  
An', my child, that's why I've taught you to love  
and revere the men  
Who come here a wearin' badges, to fight those  
battles again.

They are the gallant heroes who stood 'mid shot  
and shell.  
An' followed the flying colors right into the mouth  
o' hell.  
They are the men whose valor saved the land from  
disgrace and shame,  
An' lifted her back in triumph to her perch on  
the dome o' fame;  
An' as long as you live, my darling, till your pale  
lips in death are mute,  
When you see that badge on a bosom take off your  
hat and salute;

An' if any old veteran should halt you an' ques-  
tion you why you do,  
Just tell him you've got a right to, for your gran'-  
dad's a Comrade, too.

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## SERGEANT JOHN CARTER AND SON.

SHERMAN D. RICHARDSON.

WELL, Billy, our march is nigh ended;  
When we reach the top of yon hill  
We can see the old home in the valley,  
Where it stands beside the stone mill.  
It is years since we left it, my Billy,  
To march with the comrades of blue,  
Shall we find all the loved ones awaiting  
That bade us that morning adieu?

The moon shines down through the maples  
As the sun shone down that day,  
And the village bell rings as cheerily  
As it chimed when we marched away.  
You then were a stripling, my Billy,  
And I in the strength of my prime;  
The prison pen made me an old man,  
And my raven locks gray ere their time.

Three years since from home we've had tidings,  
 The letter came to us that day  
 When we charged by the bridge at Manassas  
 And they captured our line for pay.  
 Three years of sad lonely watching  
 In the hands of a terrible fate;  
 But in the old home in the valley  
 'Twas a longer time, Billy, to wait.

Ah! here is the churchyard, Billy;  
 But it seems to have larger grown,  
 And see in our own lot yonder,  
 Rises a gleaming white stone.  
 Can it be—let me lean on you—Billy,  
 Alas! that our coming is late.  
 Shall we find the loved ones in the churchyard,  
 That we left at the old garden gate?

Two mounds heave the sod close together—  
 Alas! death spared us not one—  
 The graves of the mother and daughter  
 Are the welcome of father and son.  
 Let me kneel on the sod here, Billy,  
 And trace out the message of grief,  
 The rose and the lily together  
 Have been bound in the reaper's sheaf.

This is sacred to the memory of—what's the  
 meaning,  
 Sergeant John Carter and Son,

Who were killed in the month of July,  
     '61, at the fight of Bull Run.  
 Good Heavens, why that's us, Billy,  
     Dead and buried three years to-day,  
 With an epitaph fit for a general,  
     How we fell in the heat of the fray.

Three cheers for yon light in the valley  
     And the friends we shall meet at the gate.  
 Sister and mother, daughter and—Billy,  
     Perhaps my coming is late.  
 The weeds may have faded to garlands,  
     And sorrow supplanted by love.  
 You go alone, boy, to the valley,  
     I'll stay in the churchyard above.

If my wife awaits in the cottage  
     Come back ere the moon goes down,  
 And the words shall be changed on the tablet  
     And flowers crown over each mound.  
 If not—then good-by, and God bless you,  
     Unchanged let the tablet remain,  
 'Tis best I shall be remembered  
     As I marched that day down the lane.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

The monument stands for the heroes  
     Who rest unknown far from home.  
 But the tablet is changed, a message came to him  
     Ere the moon left the star-spangled dome.



For the love of woman is true and forever  
 And the love of man is strong in its might.  
 Sunshine and shadow, gladness and sorrow,  
 Gleaming tints from the past to-day and to-  
 morrow  
 Weave ever a rainbow of light.

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## OUR FOLKS.

[NOTE.—The following beautiful and touching lines were taken from the knapsack of a Union soldier, who was found dead, upon the battle-field of Hatcher's Run, Va., in Nov., 1864. The original manuscript, torn and defaced, was presented to Major Barton by Colonel Edward Hill, of the Sixteenth Michigan Infantry. The author is unknown.]

HI! Harry! Hallie! Halt, and tell  
 A soldier just a thing or two;  
 You've had a furlough! been to see  
 How all the folks in Jersey do;—  
 It's a year ago since I was there,  
 I, and the bullet from Fair Oaks.  
 Since you've been home, old comrade, true,  
 Say, did you see any of "our folks?"  
 You did? Shake hands! Oh, ain't I glad!  
 For if I do look grim and rough,  
 I've got some feeling. People think  
 A soldier's heart is mighty tough!  
 But, Harry, when the bullets fly,

And hot saltpetre flames and smokes,  
And whole battalions lie a-field,

One's apt to think about his folks.

And so you saw them! When and where?  
The old man! Is he lively yet?

And mother—does she fade at all,  
Or does she seem to pine and fret for me?

And little "sis," has she grown tall?  
And then, you know, her friend, that

Annie Ross—How this pipe chokes:—  
Come, Hal, and tell me, like a man,

All the news about our folks.

You saw them at the church, you say;

It's likely; for they're always there,  
On Sunday. What! No! A funeral!

Who? Why, Harry, how you halt and stare!  
And all were well, and all were out?

Come, surely, this can't be a hoax!  
Why don't you tell me, like a man,

What is the matter with our folks?"

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

"I said all well, old comrade dear;

I say all well! for He knows best,  
Who takes His young lambs in His arms  
Before the sun sinks in the west.

The soldier's stroke deals left and right,  
But flowers fall as well as oaks—

And so, fair Annie blooms no more:

And that's the matter with 'your folks.'

Here's this long curl, 'twas sent to you,  
And this fair blossom, from her breast,  
And here—your sister Bessie wrote  
This letter telling all the rest.”  
Bear up, old friend, nobody speaks  
Only the dull camp raven croaks  
And soldiers whisper, “Boys, be still!  
There's some bad news from Granger's folks!”  
He turned his back upon his grief  
And sadly tried to hide the tears  
Kind nature sends to woe's relief.  
Then answered, “Ah, well! Hal, I'll try;  
But in my throat there's something chokes  
Because, you see, I'd thought so long  
To count her in among our folks.  
All may be well; but yet,  
I can't help thinking, too,  
I might have kept this trouble off  
By being gentle, kind and true!  
But maybe not. She's safe up there;  
And when His hand deals other strokes  
She'll stand at Heaven's gate, I know,  
To wait and welcome 'our folks.'

BANTY TIM.

JOHN HAY.

[Remarks of Sergeant Tilmon Joy to the white man's committee of Spunky Point, Illinois.]

I RECKON I git your drift, gents—  
 You 'low the boy shan't stay;  
 This is a white man's country;  
     You're Democrats, you say;  
 And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,  
     The times bein' all out o' j'int,  
 The nigger has got to mosey  
     From the limits o' Spunky P'int!

Le's reason the thing a minute;  
     I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat too,  
 Though I laid my politics out o' the way  
     For to keep till the war was through.  
 But I come back here, allowin'  
     To vote as I used to do,  
 Though it gravels me like the devil to train  
     Along o' sich fools as you.

Now dog my cats ef I kin see,  
     In all the light of the day,  
 What you've got to do with the question  
     Ef 'Tim shall go or stay.

And furdur than that I give notice,  
 Ef one of you tetches the boy,  
 He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime  
 Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, jest hear me!  
 You know that ungodly day  
 When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how  
     ripped  
 And torn and tattered we lay.  
 When the rest retreated I staid behind,  
 Fur reasons sufficient to me—  
 With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,  
 I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,  
 And br'iled and blistered and burned;  
 How the rebel bullets whizzed round us  
 When a cuss in his death-grip turned!  
 Till along toward dusk I seen a thing  
 I couldn't believe for a spell:  
 That nigger—that Tim—was a-crawlin' to me  
 Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!

The rebels seen him as quick as me,  
 And the bullets buzzed like bees;  
 But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,  
 Though a shot brought him once to his knees;

But he staggered up, and packed me off,  
     With a dozen stumbles and falls,  
 Till safe in our lines he drapped us both,  
     His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,  
     And here stays Banty Tim:  
 He trumped Death's ace for me that day,  
     And I'm not goin' back on him!  
 You may rezoloot till the cows come home,  
     But ef one of you tetches the boy,  
 He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,  
     Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!

## THE OLD TOOLS IN A FRAME.

(From the Groton and Lansing Journal.)

[N. R. Streeter, the "Jolly Old Drummer," was formerly a shoemaker. He worked at the business about twenty years, the greater part of the time he filled a position known as a custom foreman (a trade which has become obsolete). Mr. Streeter has always kept his old pinchers and hammer, also His size stick. He recently sent them to New York and had them gilded with 22 karat gold, and set upon a blue silk plush back in a gilded frame, and he wrote the following lines and glued them to the back of the frame.]

HERE are all that remains of my faithful old  
     kit,  
 For long years ago shoemaking I quit.  
 My sticks are all gone, either misplaced or lost,  
 Like a hand-full of pegs in a hurricane tossed.

This trio, I've kept, refusing to lend.  
 (Though I seldom was known to go back on a  
     friend.)

A place in my parlor they now shall enjoy,  
 And when I am gone, they'll belong to my boy.  
 As I gaze on these faithful old relics and think,  
 An apprentice again, I stand on the brink  
 Of life's speeding river, a "cub" once again,  
 Hear the tap of the hammers, the jokes of the  
     men.

But alas! In the factories the shoes now are  
     made,

And few there remain of an obsolete trade.  
 The men in the factories all work in teams,  
 And few even know what the fuddle stick means.  
 To the gray-headed craftsmen, this seems very  
     queer

(As they think of the times when they fuddled  
     for beer).

But, though babies were born with shoes on their  
     feet,

We old crispins will never get round on the seat.  
 And though fortune smiles and luck with me  
     lingers,

I'll despise not the days, when I'd wax on my  
     fingers.

And whene'er an old "shoey" I meet on time's  
     shore,

I'll greet him as shopmate, the same as of yore.

## THE OLD MAN AND JIM.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

OLD Man never had much to say,  
     'Ceptin to Jim—  
 And Jim was the wildest boy he had—  
     And the Old Man jes' wrapped up in him!  
 Never heerd him speak but once  
 Er twice in my life—and first time was  
 When the war broke out, and Jim he went,  
 The Old Man backin' him fer three months,  
 And all 'at I heerd the Old Man say  
 Was, jes' as we turned to start away—  
     “ Well, good-bye, Jim;  
         Take keer of yourse'f? ”

'Peared like he was more satisfied  
     Jes' lookin' at Jim,  
 And likin' him all to hisself-like, see?  
     'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!  
 And over and over I mind the day  
 The Old Man come and stood round in the way  
 While we was drilling', a-watchin' Jim—  
 And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say—  
     “ Well, good-bye, Jim;  
         Take keer of yourse'f! ”



Never was nothin' about the farm

Disting'ished Jim;

Neighbors all ust to wonder why

The Old Man 'peared wrapped up in him!

But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back

'At Jim was the bravest boy he had

In the whole dern regiment, white er black,

And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—

'At he had led, with a bullet clean

Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag

Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,

The Old Man wound up a letter to him

'At Cap read to us, 'at said,—

“Tell Jim Good-bye;

And take keer of hisse'f.”

Jim come back jes' long enough

To take the whim

'At he'd like to go back in calvery—

And the Old Man jes' wrapped up in him!—

Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,

Guessed he'd tackle her three years more

And the Old Man gave him a colt he'd raised

And followed him over to Camp Ben Wade,

And laid around for a week or so,

Watchin' Jim on dress parade—

Tell finally he rid way,

And last he heard was the Old Man say,

“Well, good-by, Jim;

Take keer of yourse'f!”

Tuk the papers, the Old Man did,

A-watchin' for Jim—

Fully believin' he'd make his mark

Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!

And many a time the word 'ud come

'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—

At Petersburg, for instance, where

Jim rid right into their cannons there,

And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t'other way

And socked it home to the boys in gray,

As they skooted fer timber, and on and on

Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,

And the Old Man's words in his mind all day!"

“ Well, good-bye, Jim ;

Take care of yourse'f!”

Think of a private, now, perhaps,

We'll say like Jim,

'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder straps—

And the Old Man jes' wrapped up in him!

Think of him—with the war plum' through,

And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue

A laughin' the news down over Jim

And the Old Man, bendin' over him—

The surgeon turnin' away with tears

'At hadn't leaked fer years and years—

As the hand of the dying boy clung to

His father's, the old voice in his ears!

“ Well, good-bye, Jim :

Take keer of yourse'f!”

## PADDY'S EXCELSIOR.

'TWAS growing dark so terrible fasht,  
 Whin through a town up the mountain  
     there pashed  
 A broth of a boy, to his neck in the shnow;  
 As he walked, his shillelah he swung to and fro,  
 Saying: "It's up to the top I'm bound for to go,  
     Be jabbers!"

He looked mortal sad, and his eye was as bright  
 As a fire of turf on a cowld winther night;  
 And niver a word that he said could ye tell  
 As he opened his mouth and let out a yell,  
 "It's up till the top of the mountain I'll go,  
*Onless* covered up wid this bodthersome shnow,  
     Be jabbers!"

Trough the windows he saw, as he thraveled  
     along,  
 The light of the candles, and fires so warm,  
 But a big chunk of ice hung over his head;  
 Wid a shnível and groan, "By St. Patrik!" he  
     said,  
 "It's up to the very *tip-top* I will rush,  
 And then if it falls, it's not meself it'll crush,  
     Be jabbers!"

"Whisht a bit," said an owld man, whose head  
     was as white  
 As the shnow that fell down on that miserable  
     night;  
 "Shure, ye'll fall in the wather, me bit of a lad,  
 Fur the night is so dark and the walkin' is bad."  
 Bedad! he'd not lisht to a word that was said  
 But he'd go till the top, if he went on his head,  
     Be jabbers!

A bright, buxom young girl, such as likes to be  
     kissed,  
 Axed him wouldn't he stop, and how *could* he  
     resist?  
 So, shnapping his fingers and winking his eye,  
 While shmiling upon her, he made this reply—  
 "Faith, I meant to kape on till I got to the top,  
 But, as yer shwate self has axed me, I may as well  
     shtop  
     Be jabbers!"

He shtopped all night and he shtopped all day,—  
 And ye musn't be axing whin he *did* go away;  
 Fur wouldn't he be a bastely gossoon  
 To be laving his darlint in the swate honey-moon?  
 Whin the owld man has peraties enough, and to  
     spare,  
 Shure he moight as well shtay if he's comfortable  
     there,  
     Be jabbers!















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